

Don't Let Any Muddy Water Leave Your Farm.

The farmer who let's muddy water run off his farm is a poor farmer. Muddy water means water freighted with the cream of sour soils, with expensive plant foods; muddy water pouring down our creeks and river means that somewhere soils are gully-ing, washing and wasting, and farmers are becoming poorer and poorer year after year.

Let's stop this waste. Let's henceforth see to it that all waters leaving our farms are clear and clean, and not carrying with them plant foods that have cost us hard work and hard cash. Of course the excess rainfall must be gotten rid of, but let's make it go through the soil rather than over it; instead of letting it rob us, let's make it work for us.

Don't ever think this matter of muddy water is not important for, in truth, it is so very important that the farmer who neglects it is on the road to failure. Soil maintenance and soil building lie at the very foundation of successful farming, and the man who fails to look to them, as his first, biggest and ever-present job, had better seek another calling.

Muddy water and land washing away really mean the same thing, and the longer we study the problem the greater faith have we in winter cover crops of crimson clover, vetch, rye, or oats as a means of solving it. Since the December rains began all cotton fields unprotected by a carpet of green have been wasting their very best plant food elements. Tons and tons of nitrogen, at \$500 a ton, have gone, lost to our fields forever. On the other hand, the fields protected by cover crops have not only held their fertility for the summer crops, but where covered with the clovers or vetches, have been enriched with great quantities of nitrogen from the air.

Let's make the South a land of painted farm houses" has long been a Progressive Farmer slogan; now we propose another: "A carpet of winter green for every Southern farm." Our choice above all is crimson clover, because it is not only a legume, a nitrogen-gatherer, but it is also well adapted to a wide range of soil and climatic conditions. Next comes vetch, which is a legume and also does well nearly all over the South. But if neither vetch nor clover are grown, rye, preferably Abruzzi, is an excellent winter and spring growth. If none of the above can be planted, ordinary oats, planted in September or October, will, even if plowed under in March, be worth several dollars an acre in keeping the land covered and protected from the winter rains.

So really there is a wide list from which a choice may be made—so wide, indeed, that there is simply no excuse for our leaving our fields in their shameful nakedness. If you can't plant clover or vetch, plant rye; if you can't plant rye, plant oats. And don't just plant patches; plant acres, fields, your whole farm. Paint the winter landscape green; change it from an ugly brown to a bright emerald that will be the talk of the county. Progressive farmers everywhere are doing this, and finding it the road to wealth, and you, too, can do as well.

"A carpet of green in winter for every Southern farm"—won't you help us make this ideal come true by seeing to it that there is one on your fields hereafter?—Progressive Farmer.

What One Boy Does Another Can Do.

Boys, what Burt Linker has done, is doing, many of you can do. But it takes grit. It takes moral force and determination. It takes will power. It is no easy, slipshod sort of a come-along, by any means. Energy and determination are needed. You can bet on that, but its worth the effort, for the chances are that ten years from now this boy who is winning his way against odds and succeeding every day, will be far ahead of the boys in Salisbury who were wasting their time while he was "digging" to make his way and to get his lessons.

While many boys were wasting their time, loafing on the streets of Salisbury this boy was working to get somewhere. While those who had as good a mind and far better opportunities were loafing through their day, and perhaps missing their

grades at the school, Linker was doing his best with a determination to win. He was working and planning for the future. He worked his lessons out in the evenings and through the spare moments of the day worked out the difficulties that stood between him and college.

A boy that can take care of himself thus will take care of himself as a man. Not only so, but he will take care of many interests that need caring for. He will make money for himself and will serve his state and local community with good citizenship.

Boys in Salisbury who are loafing on the job, wasting their time, should take a lesson from this boy who has brain sufficient and grit sufficient to challenge opposition, overcome difficulties and win every battle in which he engages.

Burt Linker is just starting. His whole life is in the future. He may not succeed, but the chances are that he will succeed and in a big way, too. He will bear watching and trusting. He has a dozen chances to the one of the boy who is loafing his way through life. His reach grows longer every day, while the loafer's opportunities grow less.

Burt Linker has no special gift that is out of the reach of other lads of today. He has a bright mind, but thousands of others have too. Add to his above the average brain grit and determination, untiring energy and strong moral courage and you have the secret of his splendid beginning. There are many others as well endowed in a mental way, but they lack the moral force and determination.

Those who have the brain and the opportunity find the various temptations to loaf away time too strong and waste their days in listless living, hoping for a good job to overtake them and force itself upon them. They are missing the golden opportunity. They should realize it before it is too late. They need the grit and moral force that is carrying Burt Linker to the head of his class—to the leadership of a university with its more than a thousand men and boys. What he is doing ought to inspire other boys to do the same thing—but remember, boys it takes a courage to test out every bit of manhood you have. It is no easy task. It takes grit and energy given to but few, but it is worth the trial. The reward is practically assured.

You can follow this boy if you will—but you must have a will good and strong. You can't make good and loaf at the same time. The two cannot go together. If you would follow Linker you must work and study and sacrifice as this boy of moral courage is doing.—Salisbury Evening Post.

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FROM A LOVER OF BOOKS

Advice and Instruction as to Their Proper Usage Which Is Well Worth Consideration.

We are . . . exercising an office of . . . piety when we treat books carefully, and again when we restore them to their proper places and commend them to inviolable custody. . . . We deem it expedient to warn our students of various negligences, which might always be easily avoided and do wonderful harm to books. And in the first place as to the opening and closing of books, let there be due moderation, that they be not unclasped in precipitate haste, nor when we have finished our inspection to be put away about being duly closed. For it be- comes us to guard a book much more carefully than a boot. . . . But the handling of books is specially to be forbidden to those shameless youths, who as soon as they have learned to form the shapes of letters, straightway, if they have the opportunity, become unhappy commentators, and wherever they find an extra margin about the text, furnish it with monstrous alphabets, or if any other frivolity strikes their fancy, at once their pen begins to write it. There the Latinist and sophister and every unlearned writer tries the fitness of his pen, a practice that we have frequently seen injuring the usefulness and value of the most beautiful books . . . moreover, the lalty, who look at a book turned upside down just as if it were open in the right way, are utterly unworthy of any communion with books. Let the clerk take care also that the scullion . . . does not touch the lily leaves of books, all unwashed, but he who walketh without blemish shall minister to the precious volumes. . . . Whenever defects are noticed in books, they should be promptly repaired, since nothing spreads more quickly than a tear, and a rent which is neglected at the time will have to be repaired with usury.—From the Philobiblon of Richard de Bury, King's Classics Edition.

KNOWN AS FRIEND OF BIRDS

William Dutcher Remembered for His Unceasing Fight Against Their Enemies.

In the American Magazine appeared an article about William Dutcher, who did more than any other American to awaken people to the cruelty and stupidity of slaughtering beautiful and useful birds. He and others finally succeeded in having laws passed so far-reaching that they changed the whole aspect of millinery. In the hard struggle Mr. Dutcher sacrificed his health. Following is an extract from the article about him:

"Nothing ever tired or discouraged him. Ending a day's work in his office, he would jump on a train to go and do another harder day's work before midnight among the legislators at Albany. Politicians lived in terror of this 'bird crank.' The algrete trade, which he fought from the first, spiked his guns when it could with a paid lobby. He got hard knocks and many defeats, but in 1910 his efforts were crowned with success when the Empire state passed the plumage law forbidding the sale of the white badge of cruelty."

"He never wearied of preaching the great value of insectivorous birds to agriculture; yet the farmers and fruit growers of the United States probably never will realize how much his labors benefited them. He cared not a feather's weight who got the glory for any of his work, so long as it was accomplished. Even the millinery dealers and the 'game box' while they fought his reforms, admitted his unselfishness. There was nothing he would not do for anyone who showed the slightest interest in his hobby."

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